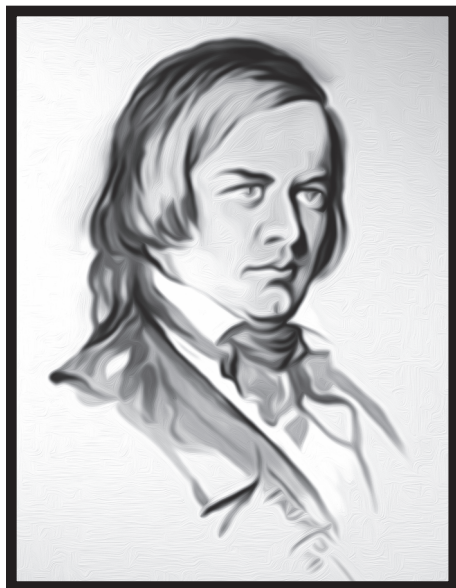


Department of
Music
Fulton School of Liberal Arts



PRESENTS

Allegheny Trio

Featuring

Christina Carr, mezzo-soprano

Sunday, February 22, 2015
7 p.m.

Salisbury
UNIVERSITY
www.salisbury.edu

A black and white image of a musical score with several staves and notes, serving as a background for the title.

PROGRAM

Sonata for Violin and Cello, Op. 3 No. 6 in G majorGiuseppe Jacchini

Balletto alla Francese. Largo

Allegro

Grave

Giga. Presto

Comments by Dr. Joerg Tuske, “Schumann and the Romantic Movement”

Liederkreis, Op. 39Robert Schumann

1. In der Fremde (*In a Distant Land*)

2. Intermezzo

3. Waldesgespräch (*Forest Conversation*)

4. Die Stille (*Silence*)

5. Mondnacht (*Moonlit Night*)

6. Schöne Fremde (*Lovely Distant Land*)

7. Auf einer Burg (*In a Fortress*)

8. In der Fremde (*In a Distant Land*)

9. Wehmut (*Melancholy*)

10. Zwielficht (*Twilight*)

11. Im Walde (*In the Forest*)

12. Frühlingsnacht (*Spring Night*)

Comments by Dr. Tuske

Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello, Opus 63 in d minorRobert Schumann

Mit Energie und Leidenschaft

Lebhaft, doch nicht zu rasch

Langsam, mit inniger Empfindung

Mit Feuer



TRANSLATIONS

1. In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.
Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille
Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

2. Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund.
Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

3. Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reitest du einsam durch den Wald,
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich fuhr dich heim!—
“Gross ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weisst nicht wer ich bin.”—
So reich geschmückt ist Ross und Weib,
So wunderschön das junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn ich dich— Gott steh mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Lorelei.—
“Du kennst mich wohl— vom hohen Stein
Schaut still mein Schloss tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald.”

1. In a Distant Land

From my homeland beyond the red flashes,
That's where the clouds come from,
But my father and mother are long dead,
And no one knows me there now.
How soon, oh, how soon the quiet time will
come,
Then I will rest, too, and over me
Will murmur the lovely forest solitude,
And no one here will know me either.

2. Intermezzo

Your wondrous lovely image
I keep in the depths of my heart,
It gazes so fresh and cheerfully
At me always.
My heart sings to itself quietly
An familiar fair song,
That rises into the air
And flies quickly to you.

3. Forest Conversation

It's already late, it's already cold,
Why are you riding alone through the
forest,
The forest is long, you are alone,
You lovely maid, I'll see you home!
“The guile and trickery of men is vast,
My heart is broken by grief,
The hunting horn sounds here and there,
Oh flee! You don't know who I am.”
So richly adorned are horse and woman,
So wondrous fair the young figure,
Now I know you—God help me!
You are the sorceress Lorelei.
“You know me well—from the high cliff
My castle looks silently deep into the
Rhine.
It's already late, it's already cold,
You'll never escape from this forest.”



TRANSLATIONS

4. Die Stille

Es weiss und rät es doch keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wusst es nur einer, nur einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll.
So still ist's nicht draussen im Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh,
Als meine Gedanken sind.
Ich wunscht, ich wär ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis dass ich im Himmel wär

5. Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt der Himmel
Die Erde still gekusst,
Dass sie im Blutenschimmer
Von ihm nun träumen must.
Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.
Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

6. Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund
Um die halbversunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund.
Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr wie in Träumen
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?
Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit gluhendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie von kunftigem, grossem Glück.

4. Silence

No one knows or can guess
How good I feel, how good!
Oh, if only one knew it, just one,
No other person need know.
It's not so quiet outside in the snow,
Nor so silent and secret
Are the stars in the sky
As my thoughts are.
I wish I were a little bird
And could fly over the sea
Right over the sea and further
Until I was in heaven!

5. Moonlit Night

It was as if the sky
Had silently kissed the earth,
So that she, in the blossoms' radiance,
Must now only dream of him.
The breeze passed through the fields,
The grain swayed gently
The woods murmured quietly,
The night was so starry clear.
And my soul spread
Its wings out widely,
Flew through the silent lands
As if it flew toward home.

6. Lovely Distant Land

The treetops rustle and tremble
As if at this hour
Around the half-sunken wall
The old gods danced.
Here behind the myrtle trees
In secret, twilight splendor,
Why do you speak wildly, as in dreams,
To me, fantastic night?
All the stars sparkle down on me
With the radiant glance of love,
The distant lands speak ecstatically
Of a future, great happiness.



TRANSLATIONS

7. Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer
Oben ist der alte Ritter;
Drüber gehen Regenschauer,
Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter,
Eingewachsen Bart und Haare
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre
Oben in der stillen Klause.
Draussen ist es still und friedlich,
Alle sind ins Tal gezogen,
Waldesvögel einsam singen
In den leeren Fensterbogen.
Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten
Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenscheine,
Musikanten spielen munter,
Und die schöne Braut, sie weinet.

8. In der Fremde

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen,
Im Walde her und hin.
Im Walde, in dem Rauschen,
Ich weiss nicht, wo ich bin.
Die Nachtigallen schlagen
Hier in der Einsamkeit,
Als wollten sie was sagen
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.
Die Mondeschimmer fliegen,
Als sah ich unter mir
Das Schloss im Tale liegen,
Und ist doch so weit von hier!
Als musste in dem Garten,
Voll Rosen weiss und rot,
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,
Und ist doch so lange tot.

7. In a Fortress

Fallen asleep on his watch
Up there is the old knight;
Rain showers pass by
And the forest murmurs through the
bars.
Overgrown are beard and hair
Turned to stone are coat and collar,
He has been sitting many hundred years
Up there in his silent refuge.
Outside it's quiet and peaceful,
Everyone has gone to the valley,
Forest birds sing solitary
In the empty window arches.
A bridal party rides down below
Upon the Rhine in sunshine,
Musicians play cheerfully
And the lovely bride weeps.

8. In a Distant Land

I hear the streams rushing
In the forest here and there.
In the forest, in the rushing,
I don't know where I am.
The nightingales sing
Here in seclusion,
As if they wanted to say something
About the lovely times past.
The rays of the moon are flying
As if I saw below
The mansion in the valley,
But it's so far from here!
As if in the garden,
Full of white and red roses,
My beloved waits for me,
Who has been dead so long.



TRANSLATIONS

9. Wehmut

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,
Da wird das Herz mir frei.
Es lassen Nachtigallen,
Spielt draussen Frühlingsluft,
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.
Da lauschen alle Herzen,
Und alles ist erfreut,
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

10. Zwielficht

Dämmerung will die Flügel spreiten,
Schaurig ruhren sich die Bäume,
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume--
Was will dieses Graun bedeuten?
Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,
Lass es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger ziehn im Wald und blasen,
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.
Hast du einen Freund hieneiden,
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,
Sinnst er Krieg im tuck'schen Frieden.
Was heut gehet mude unter,
Hebt sich morgen neu geboren.
Manches geht in Nacht verloren--
Hute dich, sei wach und munter!

9. Melancholy

I can still sing sometimes
As if I were happy,
But secretly tears well up
And I begin to weep.
Nightingales pour forth,
When spring breezes play outside,
Their echoing song of longing,
From the depths of their prisons.
Then all hearts listen,
And all are delighted,
But no one feels the pains,
The deep sorrow in the song.

10. Twilight

Darkness is spreading its wings,
The trees murmur ominously,
Clouds gather like oppressive dreams—
What does this dread mean?
If you have a favorite roe-deer,
Don't let it graze alone,
Hunters ride in the forest and blow,
Sounding their horns and passing on.
If you have a friend on earth,
Don't trust him at this hour,
Friendly perhaps in glance and voice,
He's planning war in deceptive peace.
What perishes today in weariness,
Will arise tomorrow newly born.
Things go astray in the night—
Be careful, stay alert and watchful!

A background image of a musical score with staves and notes, some of which are in Chinese characters.

TRANSLATIONS

11. Im Walde

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das Waldhorn
klang,
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!
Und eh ich's gedacht, war alles verhallt,
Die Nacht bedeckt die Runde,
Nur von den Bergen noch rauschet der
Wald
Und mich schauert's im
Herzensgrunde.

12. Frühlingsnacht

Über Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört ich Wandervögel ziehn,
Was bedeutet Frühlingsdufte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.
Jauchzen möchte ich, möchte weinen,
Und mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.
Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist deine, sie ist dein!

11. In the Forest

A wedding party passed along the
mountain,
I heard the birds singing,
Many riders flashed, the forest horn
sounded,
It was a merry hunt!
And before I knew it, everything was
silent,
Night covered the horizon,
Only the forest still rustled on the
mountains,
And I shuddered in the depths of my
heart.

12. Spring Night

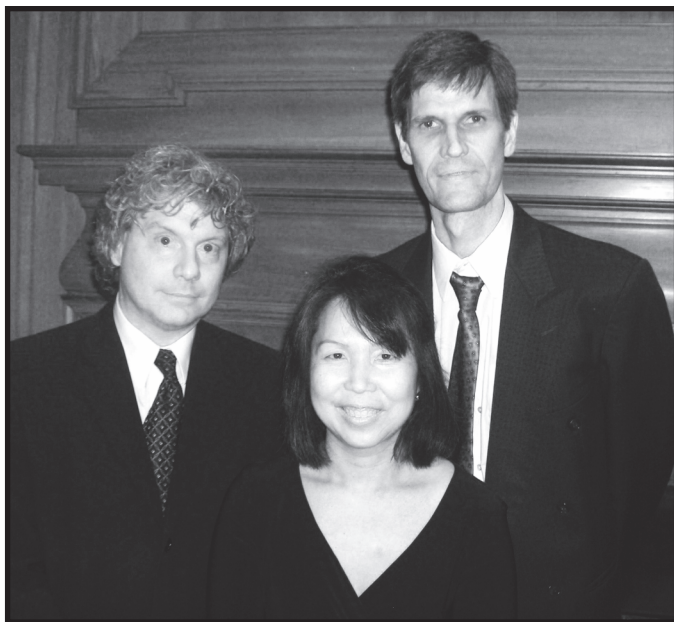
Over the garden in the air
I heard migrating birds passing,
That means spring is in the air
Below, it has already started to bloom.
I'd like to rejoice, I'd like to weep,
And it seems it couldn't be true!
Old wonders appear again
Out in the moonlight.
And the moon, the stars say it,
And the grove murmurs it in dreams,
And the nightingales sing it:
She is yours, she is yours!

Text by Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff

Translated by Celia Sgroi



BIOGRAPHIES





Christina Carr

The *New York Times* lauds American mezzo-soprano Christina Carr as “utterly convincing” and a “show-stealer.” Carr is rapidly establishing her place as a formidable dramatic mezzo-soprano. This summer she performed Maddalena in *Rigoletto* and Berta in *Il barbiere di Siviglia* with Cleveland’s Opera Circle, where she has also performed Amneris in *Aida* and Azucena in *Il Trovatore*. She participated in the Wagner Intensive headed by Jane Eaglen and Tim Mussard, performing scenes as Venus in *Tannhäuser*, Isolde in *Tristan und Isolde*, Kundry in *Parsifal*, and Fricka and Schwertleite in *Die Walküre*. Recently she performed the role of Marquise de Berkenfield in *La Fille du Regiment* with Taconic Opera with whom she has performed Azucena in *Il Trovatore*, Madam Flora (Baba) in *The Medium*, La zia principessa in *Suor Angelica* and La Frugola in *Il Tabarro*.

An alumna of the Juilliard Opera Center, she has performed the roles of Mrs. McLean in Floyd’s *Susannah* and Mother Jeanne in Poulenc’s *Dialogues of the Carmelites* under the baton of Julius Rudel, and she has appeared as the alto soloist in Beethoven’s *Mass in C Major* in Alice Tully Hall. Carr was the first-prize winner of the New York Vocal Artists Competition in 2002. She was also a finalist in the 2002 MacAllister Awards and a regional finalist in the 2002 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions.



BIOGRAPHIES

Joerg Tuske

A native of Germany, Joerg Tuske is an associate professor and chair of the SU Philosophy Department. He graduated from the Universities of London and Cambridge in the United Kingdom and spent a year at the University of Pune in India before coming to SU in 2003. His main research areas are Indian philosophy and philosophy of mind.

Sachi Murasugi

Sachi Murasugi has performed extensively as a professional orchestral and chamber musician. She has been concertmaster of the Sorg Opera Orchestra in Ohio and the Filarmonica del Bajio in Mexico and has performed regularly with the Dayton Philharmonic, Louisiana Philharmonic and Omaha Symphony. On baroque violin, she has performed with early music groups around the country, including Magnificat Baroque Orchestra in San Francisco and Bach Cantata Period Instrument Ensemble in New York. She holds performance degrees from Manhattan School of Music, CUNY Queens College and Ohio State University, where she received her D.M.A. Additionally, she has studied at the Utrecht Conservatorium in the Netherlands with Wiktor Lieberman. Her teachers on baroque violin include Michael Sand and Nancy Wilson. Currently, she is a full-time music faculty member at Salisbury University.



BIOGRAPHIES

Jeffrey Schoyen

Jeffrey Schoyen is a graduate of New England Conservatory of Music, Carnegie Mellon University and SUNY Stony Brook, where he earned his D.M.A. as a student of Timothy Eddy. Awards he has received include a National Endowment for the Arts Chamber Music Rural Residency Grant, Tanglewood Festival's Gustav Golden Award and a Frank Huntington Beebe Grant to study with William Pleeth in London. Schoyen has extensive orchestral experience and has been a member of the Opera Orchestra of New York, Pittsburgh Opera Orchestra, Louisiana Philharmonic Orchestra and Principal Cellist of the Filarmonica del Bajío in Mexico. An active chamber musician and recitalist, he has given concerts throughout the United States, Germany, Mexico and Spain. Schoyen has studied the baroque cello with Myron Lutske, Phoebi Carrai and Anthony Pleeth. Currently, he is associate professor of music at Salisbury University.

Ernest Barretta

Ernest Barretta is a successful soloist and chamber musician who has performed extensively throughout the United State and Canada.

A member of the piano faculty at Juilliard School of Music, he has appeared at the Seoul Music Festival and Academy in South Korea.

A collaborative artist, he has played with such internationally recognized musicians as baritone Christopher Robertson and trumpeter Terry Everson. He studied at Oberlin Conservatory and earned a D.M.A. from Peabody Conservatory.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Brooke Church, *Administrative Assistant II, Department of Music*

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